THE COOLEST HAT

and the worthy revolution his work commen orates. BENJAMIN NORTHBOP.

PEOPLE WE READ ABOUT.

WILLIAM BLACK is 35 years old, slightly

built, with dark earnest eyes and a long brown mustache. He dresses with faultless taste, and nothing of the conventional literary man in his manners and appearance. He is a charming talker, but extremely modest about his successes.

LORD LYTTON, whose literary reputation was

Miss Braddon, the popular English novel-ist, is now 50 years old; she is rather tall, her

dauntless little English woman, who has trav-eled in so many out-of-the-way countries of the

world by herself, and written fascinating ac-counts of her adventures and observations, is married to a bishop. The King of Siam has awarded her the order of "Kapolani," in recog-nition of her literary work.

father of this child? If so, we can readily un-derstand that even a mother's love would not hesitate to decide her child dying of diph-theria and being bored to death by his father's

and everything of the New York Shakespeare Society, is very like Napoleon in size and figure,

and is fair, fat and 40. His home is at New-town, Long Island. He is a lawyer by profes-sion, but, like Master Shallow in the play, he had a very little love for it in the beginning, and it pleased heaven to lessen it on a better acquaintance.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is an exquisi

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is an exquisite notes, if not an exquisite poet. He wears a daintly fitting sack coat, an immaculate white vest, a light derby hat, and twirls a slender, dandy cane. His eyes are blue, his mustache light brown and carefully waxed, and his hair closely cut. He looks more like a well to do club man or a successful Wall street broker than a poet and editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

SWINBURNE is a poet of love, but he is not a love of a poet. Standing scarcely five feet in high heel shoes, he has an immense head, covered with masses of wild, unkempt hair; his face is

with masses of wild, uncompt hair; his face is pale, livid, almost ghastly; his mouth is small, almost girlish in its expression. He is fond of the society of artists and men of letters, but keeps clear of the scented crush of London so-ciety. In fact, strange to say, he is rather shy of women, specially of brainless, dancing girls who fill the fashionable drawing rooms of the metropolis.

THE Chinese Minister recently called to pay his respects to the Hon. W. Bourke Corkran, at his home in one of those mammoth New York apartment houses, and, although his ex-

York apartment houses, and, although his ex-cellency was attended by two secretaries, the stupid janitor mistook the distinguished gen-tleman for a common Chinese laundryman, and invited the party into the kitchen. When the mistake was discovered, it required all of the mellifluous eloquence of Boncke Corkran to soothe the offended dignity of the high and mighty Celestial.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is one of the hand-

somest of American literary men. His face does not possess the grand, majestic power that distinguished his father, but it is perhaps

that distinguished his father, but it is perhaps a countenance that has greater attractions for women. Over his beautifully-shaped head fail dark brown curls; his eyes are very fine, and would brighten a less handsome face; he is tall, graceful, manly in figure; an athlete in strength, he pulls the longest oar, lifts the heaviest dumb-bells, and is the beat fencer at the Authors' Club.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, who is perhaps be

DONALD G. MITCHELL, who is perhaps better known by his nom-de-plume of Ik Marvel, has fine, clear-cut, and decidedly aristocratic features, reminding one of an antique cameo; he dresses in a somewhat picturesque style peculiar to himself, is fond of gay colors, and looks like a literary man. He has gathered at his home at Edgewood, some choice pictures and beautiful things from many lands. He has a large family, for his reveries have been interupted by ten children, and their mother is just the gentle. loving lady that belongs to an author's home.

TENNYSON is reported to be sensitive to as.

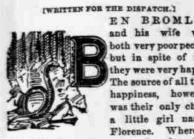
TENNYSON is reported to be sensitive to as-

TENNYSON is reported to be sensitive to assaults upon his literary fame. He said once, "I am like a traveler in a lonely desert, when suddenly there appears on the horizon a figure which shoots an arrow which reaches me, enters the flesh and rankles there, and although the wound is small, "its a smart I cannot forget," Tennyson received \$200 from "Macmillan's Magazine" for two verses called "Wages; for another trifle he received the same amount. Neither of these poems would have attracted any attention if they had been published without the name of Thunyson.

THE Prince of Wales is short, stout and bald. He is a very friendly and sociable man, and

THE CRYSTAL CASKET.

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.



this little girl was her pretty face, beautiful eyes and good temper seemed to impart brightness to all her surroundings. Nobody

had ever been in the presence of this charming child without feeling the better for it in some way. The unhappy she would fill with new and brighter hopes for the Inture; to the sick and ailing she would administer a trust and confidence in a speedy recovery, which made them always feel as if they were getting better; and to the bad and low her example of goodness, kindness and honesty was just like a beacon light that seemed to show them the wrong of their ways and lead them on to do better. To have such a daughter it is not to be

wondered at that her father, Ben Bromley, and her mother, Mrs. Bromley, were just as fond of their child as they could be. All their sorrows of poverty they forgot while she was around. Florence was their bourne of constant happiness, and they always called her the fountain of their good for-

But alse for these poor people, Florence, the fountain of their good fortune, the joy of their lives, suddenly died.

of their lives, suddenly died.

One day, while she had been in the forest hunting with some of her young friends for flowers, a snake came suddenly darting at her from a hole in the ground, and before the child was able to escape, the snake had taken hold of her by the hand and given her a severe bite. Florence, frightened from the shock, fell to the ground in an un-conscious condition. The snake crawled back into the hole under the ground, and looked as if even it was sorry for what it had done. However, there was no help for it now.

Fiorence was dead. The deadly poison from the snake had had its effect. The arm of the child soon began to swell to an enormous size. All the children who had been with her hunting for flowers began to cry bitterly, and there was not one who did not honestly lament the death of their dear little friend. When they saw that she was really dead they ran home as fast as they could and told of the dreadful thing which had happened to beautiful little Florence. The awful news created the greatest sorrow and grief throughout the entire village, and very soon there was not a dry eye to be found any-where. The tears rolled so fast from the people that the streets were covered with the moisture, and when the animals of the village, the dogs, cats, hens, roosters, cows, horses and calves heard about it, too, then the flow of tears from their sadness inundated the entire place.
It would be useless to attempt a descrip-

tion of the grief of Ben Bromley and his wife. They were simply heartbroken, and nothing in the world could console them. At last, however, some of the people began to think that it was time to go into the woods and bring the corpse of little Florence "Who knows," said some of them very

wisely, "whether some wild beast might not come and eat her up." So they all ran to the woods as fast as their legs could carry them. The children ran in the front, however, because they knew where Florence's body was to be found. But how astonished were they all when they noticed the body surrounded by



whole lot of birds from the forest. The little songsters were sitting around on trees and shrubs, on bushes and branches, filling the air with the most deleful songs of grie

been when even the little Birds cry because she is dead," said the people. Presently the whole army of feathered mourners rose into the air and in the next

moment all were gone.
"Now let us make a stretcher," said one

of the men, "and let us carry the dead little girl to her parents' home."

Soon a couple of strong branches from a tree were tied together, and the stretcher was finished. In the meantime the little children had gathered a lot of beautiful flowers. They placed them on the stretcher, and thus Florence was laid upon a bed of solid flowers and carried into the village where her father and mother lived. But before the procession reached its destination the bir had sat around the corpse of little Florence in the forest, could be seen again. There was a whole legion of them, all following in the wake of the procession. When the men reached Bromley's house they put the stretcher down. In the meanwhile the birds had also arrived. Now all of them came down, and behold! they carried a beautiful crystal casket between them. All the people were aghast with astonishment, but before they were able to recover from their surprise the birds had put down the casket, taken off the lid, and now they took hold of Florence and put her into it. A more wonderful sight was never seen than that was. No one ever thought that these little birds would be strong enough to lift up the body of Florence. But these birds seemed to be as strong as lions for the moment. When the dead little girl had been placed inside the crystal casket, the birds covered the entire body, except the face, with all kinds of beautiful flowers. Then they lifted her up, casket and all, and carried her outside of the vil-lage, where there was a hill. On the very summit of this mount they put down the casket, and then all but four white doves flew away. The white doves seemed to remain as watchmen, each one taking up a position at a corner of the casket.

From day to day these doves remained at their post and watched at the resting place of dead little Florence. When the news of her death became known all over the country people come from far and near to worship at the crystal casket. One remarkable thing about it all was, that Florence's face never changed. Her beauty never waned, and the luster of her eyes never lost

It happened one day that the King was told of the beautiful face in the crystal casket, and, as he listened to the wonderful story of Florence's death and her beauty, he resolved to go and see her one day himself.

world so lovely as this one, "said the Prince, "and there is none that I could love so much as this. If there is one thing that I will wish above all others, I should like to possess this casket with the beautiful face. I would have it taken home and placed in a marble hall, where I might gaze upon it every day for the rest of my life."

Thus said the Prince, and the King quietly sent a servant to Ben Bromley and asked him whether he might take the crystal casket with him. Ben at first was loath to part with it, but of course he soon was made to understand that it was not a good thing to refuse the King anything. So he consented. Then the King told his son that he might take the crystal casket along with him, and do with it as he wished.

The Prince was overjoyed at this, and he

The Prince was overjoyed at this, and he made at once preparations for the transportation of the dead Florence. When the casket was carried away the four doves followed it, and when the Prince had it put in lowed it, and when the Prince had it put in the marble hall the doves again took up their position at each corner of the casket. There they stayed and never moved.

The Prince came into the marble hall every day, and kneeting down in the front of the casket he would pray that the beautiful Florence might become alive again. But every day he was disappointed. The Prince, however, had a tutor, who instructed him in all the arts and sciences of the world's knowledge. One day this tutor noticed that his royal pupil was very melancholy, and so he asked him for the cause of his sorrow.

"Ah, my dear master," replied the Prince. "I love the dead girl in the crystal casket, and I shall never be happy again unless she comes to life."

As the tutor was very ford of the Prince, he

As the tutor was very fond of the Prince, he

As the tutor was very fond of the Prince, he said to him:

"Let me go and see her once, perhaps she is not dead at all."

The Prince immediately took his master into the marble hall, and showed him the face of dead Florence.

"What did she die of?" the wise man asked.

"She was bitten by a snake!" the Prince delefully remarked.

"What kind of snake?"

"That I do not know."

"Well, then, my Prince," the tutor said, "if you can find out what kind of snake killed this girl I will call her to life again."

When the Prince heard this be jumped for joy and he almost hugged and kissed the wise old tutor. He at once set out to the village where old Ben Bromley lived and there he called all the children together who had been with Florence on the day she was bitten by the snake. He asked them all around whether they could tell him where the place might be found in the woods in which Florence had fallen dead. They all told him they knew and



The Crystal Casket.

soon they arrived at the spot. Now the Prince began to hunt and dig for a hole, hoping he would detect the place where the snake had come from. To his great satisfaction be at last discovered a hole, and a his snake and up was lying dead at the bottom of it. But the Prince would not have known this was the snake he was looking for, but on her back he read these words: "I killed the fair and beautiful Florence!"

read these words: "I killed the fair and beautiful Florence!"

The Prince then picked the snake up and carried it to his father's castle. When the wise tutor saw the animal he asked the Prince to give it to him. He then cut a piece off the extreme end of the snake's tail, and, boiling it, he made a broth of the snake. The tutor then went into the marble hall and, lifting the lid off the crystal casket, he poured the liquid into Florence's mouth. No sooner had it touched her lips when the little girl's limbs began to move. After awhile she began to breathe, and at last she got up from the casket as fresh and bright and beautiful as ever she had been.

The Prince was delighted beyond measure, and he took Florence into his castle to present the beautiful maiden to his parents. They were all very pleased to see her, and when Ben Bromley and his wife heard that Florence was alive again they nearly died with joy.

Not many years afterward the Prince married Florence, and on the wedding day there were four bridemaids present, who were dressed in milky white garments. No one knew who they were, but the four white doves that had watched at the crystal casket were never seen again.

THE ODDITIES OF GENIUS.

Amusing Anecdotes of the Founder of Na-

tional Geological Survey. Prof. F. V. Hayden was the founder of the system which developed into the Geological Survey of the United States. He was a man of great genius and a renowned scholar, but

erratic and peculiar.

It was not uncommon for strangers to follow

erratic and peculiar.

It was not uncommon for strangers to follow him several blocks, their attention arrested by his bowed figure as he almost ran for a few steps—then suddenly stopped, with his gray sharp eyes fixed on the pavement—then ran again as if a sudden thought had struck him; then they would inquire "who can that poor insane man be?"

While Prof. Hayden was exploring the land of the Sioux Indians some years ago, he once, in his enthusiastic passion for geological research, wardered away from his party; he had loaded himself down with large specimens of mineral, and while tramping slowly along in his absent-minded way the Indians captured him. They whooped and yelled at their prize at first, but upon seeing all the "rocke and worthless stones" which the poor man was staggering under, and his composed, abstracted manner, they decided that he was "afflicted with a foolish mind." They took him without protest on his part, which only confirmed their fears; and after a few hours' captivity the old scientist with "his rocks" was led to the nearest point of civilization, and "turned loose" lest the Great Spirit should punish them for any "harm done the foolish or simule-minded.

He was daring, fearless and reckless in danger; a most distinguished scientific man, and much beloved by the young men of his survey. His death during the past year was greatly mourned.

MARRYING A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

St. Paul Globe. 1 A citizen of Washington recently, for som not fully explained reason, married his mother-in-law. Whether he wanted to be a social here or was merely subdued is not evident: but

hero or was merely subdued is not evident; but the saddening sequence was that after the festivities had given place to the realities of wedded life, it was discovered that the mar-riage was void according to the statute more than 100 years old.

What possible objection there could be to marriage with a deceased wife's mother or any other of her relations is a conundrum to the average mind. The danger that the example would become contagious and leave the other daughters without proper opportunities could hardly be alarming.

Punzsutawney Spirit.1

He took the Queen and his only son, the Prince, along with him, and when they arrived at the top of the little mount and looked into the casket their amazement knew no bounds.

"Such a wonderful face I have never seen in my life!" said the Queen.

"To be sure, such pretty faces are very rare in this world," said the King.

"I don't think there is another face in the missing the summer is past. Persons in the vicinity visit the place when they want ice. The cave is always as cold as the interior of a refrigerator. It is an elegant place for midsummer pionics.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Men Should be Dressed in Wool, Serge, Sealskin and Straw,

A PERFECT SUMMER COSTUME. The Greatest Amount of Comfort for the Lowest Price.

RESULT OF A FLANNEL SHIRT REFORM

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Last year the American citizen made his

first effort toward shaking off the coils woven by society for his enslavement. It took the form of the flannel shirt. Monuments are yearly being raised to mark the heroism of famous men. Let the next be erected to the memory of the man who first wore a flannel shirt downtown to his business. He deserves this much at least at the hands of the perspiring sex he has liberated. That his effort was timely is shown by the number of men who have followed his example. The flannel shirt is to-day the most popular garment of American summer wear, and next year will see more worn than all other styles of shirts combined. But not the only way that man should show his new-born independence and keep cool is by wearing a flannel shirt.

Equally important with the flannel shirt is the underwear. The coolest and most sensible underwear is made of wool. The lighter the material the better. Angors or Australian wool is the finest and most expensive. The shirt should be reasonably tight fitting and its sleeves should reach to the wrists, so as to absorb all of the perspiration from the upper clothed portion of the body. A suit of woolen underwear costs from \$3 to \$6, and will last two seasons with ordinary wear. It is a mistake to think that thin clothing or silk is as cool as wool.

The latter materials do not absorb moisture,
and on a hot day they stick to the body almost as uncomfortably as a linen laundried

The coolest socks are of lisle thread or silk, and cost from 50 cents to \$2 a pair. BEST GOODS FOR SHIRTS.

When it comes to the flannel shirt there is a large list of styles that next year promises to be almost endless to choose from. There are flannel shirts and flannel shirts. Some are fiannel shirts and fiannel shirts. Some are cool and some are hot. Some coarse and some fine. Some are costly and some are cheap. Some are models of tastefulness and works of art and some are ugly to the point of hideousness—mere daubs turned out by the dozen by pot-boilers pure and simple.

The coolest fiannel shirt is made of Angora, Glasgow or French twilled wool. It is one inch longer around the neck than the linen shirt. Its bosom is of single thickness. It is opened in front and is fastened with plain pearl buttons. Gold and jeweled studs should never be worn with a fiannel

It is opened in front and is fastened with plain pearl buttons. Gold and jeweled studs should never be worn with a flannel shirt. The popular pattern this year is either in narrow stripes or checks upon a plain white or pink background. The stripes which have the lead thus far are of pink, blue, black, brown, and their beauty is greatly enhanced by the use of silk strand or thread. Sometimes the stripes in the bosom are made to run crosswise over the breast, but this style has not attained marked popularity. Shirts of this sort cost from \$1.50 to \$5 each, and should last two seasons if they are properly washed.

There is only one way to wash a flaunel shirt to prevent undue shrinking, and this is the way: Lukewarm water, and no soap should be used. An ignorant, but industrious laundress can, by the use of boiling water and soap, transform a flannel shirt is two sizes too large for its owner, into a creased and wrinkled necktie in a half a dozen washings. With care a flannel shirt should shrink very little, and none at all after the second or third washing.

Some men who allow their vanity to warp their judgment buy silk shirts. These are made in many patterns and are undeniably pretty. One of the neatest styles has black stripes upon a white background. It is heavy and twilled and shines with a luster of this child? If so, we can readily understand that even a mother's love would not on hesitate to decide her child dying of diph—

heavy and twilled and shines with a luster that no starch could give. It costs from \$7 to \$10, but it is not cool. Pongee silk shirts are lighter and less attractive in appearare nighter and less attractive in appearance while they have the same defect. They are hot and do not absorb the moisture.

Now that a man has chosen his underwear and flannel shirt, he must select his neckwear. The coolest and most appropriate tie is made of light silk, blue or white in color, and with white or blue figures. It should

and with white or blue figures. It should be tied in a bow or sailor knot and the loose ends should droop gracefully over the

SHALL WE WEAR SUSPENDERS. Here comes another point that the free-man must consider. Shall we wear sus-penders or not? That depends. Upon what? Upon three things. First upon his size and shape. If the man is stout, with a generous girth of waist, he should unhesitatingly stick to his suspenders. If he is slender, with a fair width of hips, he can go brace-

less with impunity.

Second—Does he intend to wear a waistcoat? If so, suspenders may or may not be
worn, depending upon the freeman's preference. If he discards his waistcoat he must
let his suspenders go to—if he can.

Third—Will he buy his trousers readymade? Then let him buy a pair of suspenders also. Suspenderless trousers must be
made to order. They must fit the hips snug
and close.

If suspenders are discarded a belt of narrow silk should take their place. This may
be concealed by a broad belt of folded silk,
but this is no cooler than a waistcoat and
while it lends to the wearer the picturesque
appearance of a stage pirate between the
acts, a sensible freeman will discard it without a moment's hesitation.

In the choice of coat, vest and trousers,
the freeman must decide whether he is to
order a seaside or a business suit. If the
former he has many varieties to select from.
The coat should be a loose-fitting sack. He
should wear no waistcoat if possible and his
trousers should be loose-legged and flop at
the ankles on windy days. The material
may be of white or blue serge or fiannel.
The latter is preferable as it is thinner and
does not shrink.

It he wants a business suit he has still
greater latitude for his choice. The nalm

does not shrink.

If he wants a business suit he has still greater latitude for his choice. The palm for comfort must be given to the serge. The color may be whatever the wearer desires, though blue or gray are the colors most worn. The coat should be loose and a sack, and the trousers should be cut a trifle closer than the colors. than those worn in the country. If he wears a waistcoat it should be cut low and not fit too tightly around his body. Such a suit costs from \$16 to \$60, depending upon the nerve of the tailor who makes it. Madras conts made in India and woven out of some sort of seagrass are much worn, as well as pongee silk coats. They are light and com-fortable, but not as "dressy" as the serge. For middle-aged freemen who lack the strength of mind to throw off all their chains at once, suits of loosely-woven cheviot or trousers of that material and black or gray

coats of mohair or alpaca are cool and suit-

Not the least important feature of the new revolution is the approved style of foot wear. Heretoforce men under the gouty age have paid little attention to the material of which their shoes are made, provided the fit was all that could be asked. It is not so now. Coolness has become a requite. The coolest shoe of course is low cut with no leather about the ankle. The hottest shoe is made of patent leather. It is the handsomest but by all means the most uncomfortable. Next in order comes the calf skin in all its varieties. The coolest leather is goat skin, seal or kangaroo skin, and the coolest color is russet. These latter leathers contain little oil, are porous, light and do not attract the rays of the sun. Such shoes cost from \$3 to \$15 a pair as the caprice and bank account of the wearer may dictate.

Last but not least is the selection of the hat. Never before have straw hate been so popular as they are this season, and never before have they been so becomingly made. THE STYLE OF FOOT WEAR.

THE Prince of Wales is short, stout and bald. He is a very friendly and sociable man, and enjoys a holiday like a jolly school boy. He will be known in history as the "good-natured Prince." The story goes that once the Prince called upon Tennyaon at his home on the Isle of Wight, and was denied admittance, the poethaving given strict orders to his servauts to admit no strangers into the house, and they did not recognize the future King of England in the portly gentleman wearing a very neglige morning suit. The Prince retired good humoredly from the door of the churlish poet. EDMUND GOSSE, when he visited the United States a few years since, was generously feted by the Anglomaniacs of this country. He was regarded as a critic whose word was law on all literary subjects. When he was made Professor of English literature at Cambridge his American admirers were ready to listen with lated breath to anything which feil from his lips. The English estimate of Mr. Gosse seems to differ very widely from that of our Anglomaniacs. He is already on his defense against the charge of being a literary and critical adventurer, who has worked his way into noterioty by a system of mutual puffery in which he is an active partner.

The straight brimmed, wide-band straw hat of this year will look well on any man of ordinarily passable features. For years the hatters have endeavored vainly to construct a straw hat that would look at least as neat as the ugliest felt hat they could turn out. Shapes of all sorts have been put upon the market and men of all ages and degrees or beauty have grouned under the affliction until the chorus of their lamentations has reached the designers' ears. The new and appropriate fashion comes in the very nick of time, for of all materials for beadwear straw is by all odds the lightest and coolest.

is made of Mackinaw straw and has a flexible brim. Its dome is loose woven and the broeze plays through it freely. The stiff-brimmed nat is tight woven and far less comfortable. Of all straw hats the hottest is the Panama. These range in price from \$10 to \$100 and are better suited for the Arctic regions than the streets of New York. The best qualities are woven so tightly that they will hold water like a cup. Derby hats of feit are made lighter and cooler than ever before, but they are never as cool as straw. For fishing or country wear the Indian pith helmet hats may be found extremely serviceable. They protect the head from sun. They answer at once for hat and umbrells, but for men who spend most of their time in the shade, they must yield the palm to the soft Mackinaw. A stylish hat of this material cost from \$3 to \$5, and is worth that amount of any man's money.

This ends the list.

If the patriotic sculptor of the future desires to secure a model for his statue of the fiannel shirt emancipator let him select a stalwart, broad-chested young man and let him clothe him as follows:

With a soft-brimmed Mackinaw straw hat the color of ripe corn silk, a French twilled fiannel shirt with narrow stripes of blue silk, a blue silk Windsor bow gathered under the chin in a graceful sailor knot, undergarments of Australian wool, long sleeved and neatly fitting, socks of lisle thread, shoes of ruset scal skin, a wide coat of bite sarge hanging loosely over a pair of suspenderless trousers caught at the waist with a narrow belt of cohite silk. The cost of the costume neatly designed by any outfitter of moderate charges would be \$50, the effect would be harmonious and the monument would be a credit alike to the sculptor and the worthy revolution his work commemorates.



ly been started is one which, while it embraces a wide field of usefulness, may certainly lay claim to no small degree of originality. I allude to the "Lady Guide Association" which has been established in London, and which is shortly to be ex-

tended to Paris. The object is to provide well-educated gentlewomen to act as guides for strangers in sight-eeeing, shopping, excursions and other like offices, where an "extensive and peculiar knowledge" of the town and counpeculiar knowledge" of the town and country is as necessary as that which Mr. Weller displayed of the city of London, when he led Mr. Pickwick straight to the only table with convenient legs in the tavern immediately round the nearest corner.

The working of the system will be best exemplified by stating that the association has taken temporary rooms at 121 Pall Mall,



and that, by sending a telegram to this adand that, by sending a telegram to this address from any country in the world, you can be absolutely certain when you reach the English capital that you will find your apartments ready, someone waiting for you, carefully attendant upon your slightest wish and brimful of information upon any and all subjects about which you might require to be enlightened.

EVERY WISH SUPPLIED. You can hire its guides by the day, week on the Continent with you. They perform every possible duty that one can ask, and will not only engage rooms at the hotel for you, but will, if you wish, rent you a house or an apartment and furnish it complete,

or an apartment and furnish it complete, with artistic taste.

If you choose, the lady guide will travel with you everywhere, looking after your laggage, telegraphing ahead for your apartments and undertaking to see that you miss no point of interest as you go. She will get you permission to see all sorts of places which, without her influence, you will not be allowed to approach.

which, without her influence, you will not be allowed to approach.
You can assign children to her care, and she will personally conduct them to their destination if it be anywhere between Land's End and John O'Groat's, or even over upon the Continent, and install them safely in a French pensionnat or a German safely in a French pensionnat or a German conservatory of music, as the case may be. The charge for all these services is, for the first class certificated lady-guide three shillings an hour, or about 75 cents—that is, if you only engage her by the hour. If you take up two hours, your rates instantly begin to decrease, and that costs you but four shillings, with another shilling for every additional hour after. If she is hired by the day she costs you 8 shillings and sixpence, and the week comes to £2 5s, or a little more than \$11. You can have her by the month for £8 8s, or \$42.

I may here state that there are upward of

I may here state that there are upward of 700 ladies registered on the books of the as-700 ladies registered on the books of the association to serve as guides, so that no opening for outsiders exists at present. Of these, 30 ladies have passed the examinations that entitle them to act as first-class certificated guides. About 40 belong either to the second or to the third class of certificated members, equally ladies if not quite so au fait in history and science.

SHOPPING EXPERTS. But the services I have incidentally al-But the services I have incidentally alluded to are only a little of the multitudinous ways in which a lady guide may render herself useful. Take, for instance, shopping. To woman there is a lurid fascination in shopping that no man's imagination can comprehend. Take the concentrated essence of enjoyment a man gets out of smoking, baseball, poker and church socials, and you don't begin to size up the unction of a healthy young American wife turned loose on Oxford street, Regent street, Tottenham Court Road and Piccadilly with a \$50 note in her pocket. To pursue this delightnote in her pocket. To pursue this delight-ful occupation for a short and bliasful period is the heart's desire of a yearly increasing number of American ladies, thousands of whom are able to gratify their propensity for disposing of large sums of money in the various marte of London and Paris.

various marts of London and Paris.

Now, a great deal of energy is wasted by ladies in their desire to do the best, the very best, for their money. For instance, in London they rush about from store to store, spending a lot for cab hire, and after an exhausting and truthess day they return to their homes or hotels empty handed of purchases; thus enttailing another course over the same track on the morrow. Here the lady guide steps in, and the saving of time and money through knowing exactly the right omnibus, the right train, the correct cab fare, the difference of price in shopping in Bond street, Westbourne Grove, or the city, is soon made evident. I may add in this connection that the guides have regin this connection that the guides have reg-ular allowances, and are forbidden to accept commissions, or extra fees, under penalty of dismissal.

A special department for needlework, headed by a lady who for 14 years worked for Princess Louise, opens out new prospects over fields of labor as yet unexplored. Bachelors living in boarding houses or in college find great difficulty in getting their linen repaired. The work is well adapted to the skilled fingers of gentlewomen, many of whom are only too glad to make an honest livelihood by administering those stitches in time which avert catastrophe. Not only unmarried men but many ladies would be glad to know of a place where lace, table linen, and children's clothes could be carefully mended, and, in the latter case, lengthened or even reconstructed. The

THE MODERN MINERVA

Facts About the London Lady Guide

Association Which Provides

FAIR MENTORS FOR STRANGERS,

Who Will Make Traveling a Pleasure and a Profit for Ladies.

A BOON FOR LONELY OLD BACHELORS

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.2 LON DON, July 22.

extension at all of the area of female.



Caring for the Little Ones

dictates to the bridemaids and is the fairy godmother who thinks of everything and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with unanxious mind.

Besides lady guides well up in their own "pure well of English undefiled," the association has secured the services of those who are able to converse with fluency in different languages. What splendid opportunities in an educational point of view are here offered, where parents desire that their children should be combining conversation lessons with sight-seeing! The museums, churches, zoological gardens, the monuments and statues, nay, the very streets and houses in towns like London and Paris are replete with instructions for the young; and the idiosyncracies of the rising generation might be more rapidly developed by committing boys and girls—say on holidays or Saturday afternoons—to intelligent lady guides well up in history or science or art, whose object would be to teach the "young idea how to shoot" in a way far more effectual than that which new obtains in any classroom.

Pleasant excursions in the suburbs of the capital, which would have nothing in common with the ordinary routine of tourists' agencies, might vary the theme; they would extend over unbeaten paths, such as are known only to the artist, the historian or the poet, and through country places full of the loveliest scenery to be tound in districts bordering on the immediate outskirts of those great cities. They might include old chateaux, abbey churches, antique priories, dismantled to wers, ruined monasteries, megalithic remains, historic houses, Roman ways and walls and bridges, strange and romantic sights, the tabled haunts of the goblin and the fairy.

I feel confident that ere long the institution of lady guides will spread all over Europe, and that the association will have to open branch agencies in almost every capital. The field is new, and it is entirely free from competition of the weak with the strong must always end in the weak being worsted.

SARA TERESA HALL, AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION BLENDED

church work at present is the Sunday school, with its millions of scholars and tens of thousands of teachers. This agency has replaced, and splendidly replaced, the old time formal pastoral visits and catechetical instruction—occasions when the family in starch and buck-

AN INDIGNANT PASSENGER

Objects to Sharing His Sleeping Car Section With a Stranger. Chicago Herald.1 "I see some queer things while knocking

around the country," said a traveling man yes-terday, "and one of the funniest circumstances that I can recall happened last Friday night. I was running up the Milwaukee road a few hun-dred miles, and when I left Sloux City my only fellow passengers were an old man and his

fellow passengers were an old man and his wife, who occupied the lower section across from me. They had their berth made up early and soon retired. I guess it was the first time they had ever traveled in a sleeper by the way they acted, for they were pretty awkward about undressing, and I heard the old lady lecture her husband for not getting a larger room. After much mutual grumbling all was quiet, and then came a deep snore accompanied, by one a trifle more subdued. It was evident the old people were asleep. At Manila Junction a large party came in and taxed the sleeper to its full extent.

"The porter had to remove the baggrage of the couple, which was stowed above them, and assigned the birth to a little inoffensive citizen weighing about 120 pounds. He removed his shoes and was climbing into the bunk when the old lady woke up and began screaming. This aroused her husband and he yelled for the porter, who came running now the aisle. "Say, there's a man just come into our room," the old gentleman gasped out. The porter tried to explain that he would not annoy them, and had a right to be there. But neither would believe this, and the old man declared the porter lind let him in to rob tilem. He was also indignant to think anyone should be allowed to sleep in the same compartment with his wife, and finally he and the old lady got up and dressed, and insisted on the porter removing the bedding from wheir berth, so they could use the seats.

"I peeped through the curtains and saw both sitting there nodding, but every few minutes they would suddenly remember and sit bolt upright. I pitied the poor, deluded couple, and really the situation was not lacking in pathos, for they were thoroughly in earnest. When I got off the train early next morning they were still sitting there, but both were sound asleep, the old gentleman with his arm around his wife's waist, and her head pillowed on his shoulder."

HIS WIFE NOT SATISFIED.

A Story Told by Liucoln by Way of Illustra-August Wide Awake, 1

President Lincoln had been during our most stormy weather to visit the camps of the Generals in Virginia, and taken a violent cold. Mrs. Lincoln was in dispair, and one day said to Secretary Stanton, "I do wish you would lock Mr. Lincoln out of the rooms for a week!

the theme; the English Ambassador is lost sight of when the tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolf and Bareness Vetsers furnish an interesting and exciting sensation; then King Milan leaves his throne and becomes the hero of the press for a week. Then the interest centers around the divorced Queen, and the papers wonder whether she will now return to Servia and influence her son and national affairs in favor of Russia. In the intervals, the pause, or between the acts, Boulanger poses, or the French Ministry dances before the public, or Parnell and Irish affairs are excitedly discussed. Prospects of war are also made ingeresting episodes. Crime and fraud and filth are the pepper and salt and mustard always ready for proper seasoning. Is that thought? Is that intellectual culture? Is that solid daily food? lock Mr. Lincoln out of the rooms for a week! He is ill enough to be in bed now, and suffers agonies with his arm from acute rheumatism. I don't know what to do! He goes out, and keeps at work every moment."

Mr. Lincoln waved his long arm at the Secretary, saying, "Well, Stanton, there ought to be one comfort for my poor wife, anyhow—the same that the poor man Jefferson had, whose only son died. Did you ever hear the story? "His friends, family, neighbors, and church famented, extolled and grieved over the loss, at the funeral, when Jefferson himself arose and said, 'My dear friends: We have the blessed consolation of knowing that everything was done that could be done. He was bled no less than 24 times in 24 hours! But he had no strength and had to die!"

"Now, I've been wrapped in no less than 24 pieces of red flannel and liniment since yesterday, and still my wife isn't satisfied."



Clerk of Committee on Foreign Affairs-What is it, Peterson? Page—A message from his Royal High-ess, the King of the Hawaiian Islands, ir, referred to you by the President.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

in numbers, wealth and influence is unde-

niable. Pessimism itself concedes so much,

but is bothered by the question as to whether the outward gain has not been made at cost of an inward loss. Those who

look on the dark side are never tired of saying we should judge by quality not quan-

tity. They ask (in a tone which implies

that the answer must confirm their view),

Whether religion to-day has not lost in

grace and grip more than it has gained in

conquest and aggrandisement?

Well, this is a question of fact, and must be settled by an appeal to facts. Test it by an

xamination of the average religious condi-

tion at two or three great periods of the past.

Grading Sunday Schools.

The Factor of Modern Life.

THE substance of duty is: Admit, submit commit, transmit.—Canon Wilberforce.

redemption God shows us His heart,—Adolph Monod.

ALWAYS hold fast to love. We win by ter derness, and conquer by forgiveness.-F. W. Robertson.

In creation God shows us His hand; but in

A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for Home Cracking.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURS. Lewiston, Maine. That Christianity has gained wonderfully

682-LINES YOU KNOW. TEMESONS

189985G LOFOT

FOIT ON STO

VERLES

UR MO S ROSE BRAYNEVER (2T PENCIOT PAS III. SHARON, PA. EVANGELINE.

683-ENIGMA.

Upon a dial is a pin,
Which is the all;
And "title" is a veil quite thin
Also "to call."
Yet the complete has grown to mean
A certain grace,
A finish and a charm, I ween,
In form and face,
BITTER SWEE

BITTER SWEET 684-CHARADE.

A mean fellow first is reckened, And whole is called a barbarous second; Yet first may mean to hunt or chase, And second an Italian race. NELSONIAN.

685-THE MAGIC PASTURE.

examination of the average religious condition at two or three great periods of the past. The apostolic age was one of great earnestness and religious power. Yet in that age St. Paul rebukes the church in Corinth (one of the most prominent and famous in the ancient world) for offenses which are now committed only in pot houses. It seems that the brethren turned the holy communion into an occasion for gluttony and drunkenness: "One is hungry, and another is drunken," says the great apostle, and he adds: "What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in? or despise ye the Church of God?" The most frantic pessimist would not venture to address such words to any church now—the occasion has long since ceased.

The Puritan colony of Massachusetts in 1630 is often cited as a model community. Certainly, it was profoundly religious and after the best type of that day. Yet it was so far from accepting, or even conceiving, of truths which are axiomatic in our times, that its most honored and influential pastor, John Cotton, wrote this sentence, to which the whole world said amen: "It was toleration that made the world anti Christian, and the Church never took harm by the punishment of heritica." Under this digtum the ears of refractory Quakers were clipped: and Roger Williams, a hero of faith born 200 years too soon, was driven ignominionsly out of Massachusetts because he set his ideas of democracy and toleration on two feet and bade them run about the streets of Boston. Roger Williams himself was behind rather than ahead of his generation on some points. A farmer had 256 sheep and a square pasture, which was divided into 16 square fields of equal size. As the grazing was very uneven in the different pastures, the farmer distributed the sheep so as to put the greatest number in the best fields and the least number of sheep in each field, and put an odd number of sheep in each field, and then found that the total number of sheep in every four adjacent fields was 64. This was true from east to west, from north to south and diagonally; also for any four fields which together formed a square. The total number of sheep in the four corner fields was also 64. How did the farmer distribute the sheep?

J. H. FEZANDIE. 686-NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

A barrister toils at a wearying task
That is growing a ponderous burden;
Before him are lying the papers to ask
The State for a criminal's pardon;
But the problem that wearies that barrister's Is the failure to 1 2 3 4 Is the failure to 1 2 3 4
How the help of a missing witness to find,
And to gain his untoward 2 3 4.
He seems hidden as if spirited away
To 1 2 3 4 5 of 2 3 4 5 6;
And 'tis thus that our attorney grows wrinkled.

and gray In considering how to get out of the fix.

Boston. Roger Williams himself was behind rather than ahead of his generation on some points.

He refused, for instance, to unite with the church in Boston "because its members would not make public declaration of their repentance for having commenced with the Church of England before emigration." It was then a mooted question as to whether women were commanded to appear at church veiled. Singularly enough Williams, the radical, said yes, and the conservative Cotton and no. The historic opponents for once changed places: and Cotton handled the subject so convincingly one Sunday morning that the ladies came to church in the afternoon unveiled.

Coming down to a day within the memory of people yet living, we find a state—of things lamentable enough; little or no interest in missions, home or foreign; bitter rivalry and jealousies between the denominations: no community of Christian feeling; an adhesion to creeds at the exgense of practical piety, with narrowness and bigotry rampant.

No; a knowledge of the past is the best antidote for complaint of the present. There is enough now that is perplexing; not because former times were so millennial, but because the progress has been and is so slow.

But bad as to-day is, yesterday was worse. We have gained enough, not for satisfaction, but for encouragement. On the ground of what has been done the churches may well be inspired to greater effort. Let the watch words be hope and zeal. But no 3 4 5 has been able to show
The locus of his concealment,
So the barrister, grievously harassed to know,
How to compass this crowning achievement.
At his own 1 2 3
4 5 6, as we see,
Is consuming his being with thought,
Just as you may each do,
And most properly, too,
Until this enigma is wrought.

JIP. One of the most encouraging features of

687-METAGRAM.

A right adjustment of my whole Might span the earth from pole to pole. Curtail me once, and for your trouble The gain will be exactly double. Beheading now, and then retailing. A tempter, invisible assailing Lurks in the path of many a youth To lure him from the way of truth. Again curtail, and not in vain—Once more you realize a gain. My head, my heart, my tail, now choose, No fop can this luxury refuse; In head and heart, and tast but one, A metal shines. My riddle's done.

A. P. Rusza.

occasions when the family in starch and buckram sat in state, while the dominie, also in starch and buckram, ever so often endured on their side and inflicted on his side a stilled examination concerning points of theology which speedily carried all parties into deep water. But the Sunday school is yet far from perfect. A chief difficulty with it lies in the indifferent fitness of the teachers. These, for the most part, are constrained. They undertake their work, not from love of it, still less from aptitude, but in response to urgent appeals. They make little or no preparation for teaching—are noticeably absent from teachers' meetings, and saunter into the school on Sunday with an air of ennut, which says as plainly as though it 688-DOUBLE RECTANGLE. L A receptacle, 2 An interdiction, obstruct. 4 A covering for the head. 5 A prefix. 6 A vehicle. 7. Sick. 8 A wagon. 9. A quadruped. 10 Humor. 11. The sun. 12 Soit hair. 13 Relations. 14 A carriage. 15. A negative prefix. 16. A vehicle.
1. Duration of life. 2. Replete [phonetic]. 3 A catching instrument. 4 Frozen water. 5 A male sheep. 6. Not empty [phonetic]. 7. Indisposed. 8. Foremost division. 9. Part of the face. 10. Not at home. 11. A citizen. 12. A single point on a card. 13 A post-fix. 14. Track of a wheel. 15 A Turkish Governor. 16. A period of time. Join with the letters forming the name of a great American. 1. Necessaries of a traveler, 2. Poisonous. 3. A title. 4. A whim. 5 A transposition of letters. 6. Cautious. 7. Hostile feeling. 8. A traveling procession. 9. A flower. 10. Lacking. 11. To canvass. 12. An oven., 13. A monarchy. 14. Track of wheels, 15. Not to comply with orders. 16. Slaughterer. SALEM, O. J. BOSCH. of chaul, which says as plainly as though it were spoken: "I am here out of a sense of duty. Let us hurry and get through and away."

What would be thought of a writer who brought to his task no special knowledge—of a preacher who made no preparation for the duties of the sacred desk? Fewer teachers but preacher who made no preparation for the duties of the sacred desk? Fewer teachers but abler ones; larger classes, taught by amply equipped instructors, would be a step in the right direction. The Sunday school ought to be graded like a public school, and its officers, from the superintendent to the librarian, should be selected and placed on the ground of fitness. The methods so successful in secular education might wisely be adopted in the Sunday school—and must be before the best results can be reached. Let it be understood that that is no place for scholars that yawn and teachers that gape.

The two supreme objects of a Sunday school are: the instruction, and through this, the ingathering into the church of the young. Everything, from opening to close, should conduce to these ends. The teaching, especially, should be right over against these objects: the language plain, pithy, energetic, electric, and the spirit charged with love and solicitude. Away with the gospel of hum-drum. Wake up Rip Van Winkle. Avoid tediousness. Make the session brief. Don't forget time in the contemplation of eternity. The Sunday school of to-day, in order to be as good as the Sunday school of yesterday, must be a great deal better—must be what it should be with its present advantages and opportunities.

689-RIDDLE By improper affections for what proper con-Are our souls put in danger of final rejections X. T. CHER.

Four Roman numbers placed aright
Will show what every one should be
Who tries to keep his features bright
In trouble or adversity.
W. STIMPSON. 690-REBUS.

THREE PRIZES FOR AUGUST. Some one points out the fact that thought is not the supreme factor in modern life. News is this factor. Sensation has taken the place of thinking. Germany, "the land of thought," furnishes interesting illustrations. Say what you will of the great universities and the magnitude of the great universities and the magnitude. For each of the best three lots of answers to the puzzles published during August a fine prize—one well worth striving for—will be pre-sented. The solutions must be forwarded each week, and full credit will be given each comyou will of the great universities and the mag-nificent libraries, they are, after all, for the few. The daily press is the daily food of the nation. Now Mackenzie is the sensation; then an empress; then Bismarck; Geffken comes to the front, disappears in prison, and Morrier is the theme; the English Ambassador is lost when the transport of Come Prison.

674-Iodide of potassium (Io died of potas-

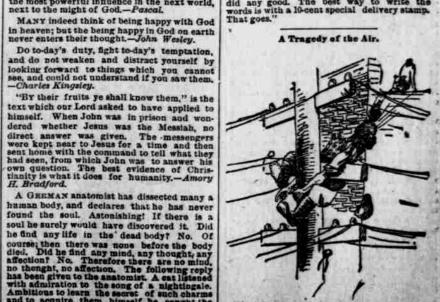
674—Iodide of potassium (10 died of potassium.)
675—Supernatant.
675—He carried: 1, the strawberries to the stepping stone; 2, the eggs to the landing flace; 3, the strawberries to the landing place; 4, the tomatoes to the stepping stone; 5, the strawberries to the stepping stone; 7, the strawberries to the stepping stone; 8, the potatoes to the landing place; 10, the eggs to the wagon; 11, the strawberries to the wagon; 12, the tomatoes to the landing place; 13, the strawberries to the strawberries to the strawberries to the landing place; 14, the eggs to the landing place; 16, the strawberries to the landing place; 10, the strawberries to the landing place; 10, the strawberries to the landing place.

Philadelphia Record.l Robertson.

THE serene, silent beauty of a good life is the most powerful influence in the next world, next to the might of God.—Pascal.

"People persist in writing 'in haste' on their letters," said a postal clerk yesterday, "as if it did any good. The best way to write the words is with a 10-cent special delivery stamp.

A Tragedy of the Air.



H. Bradford.

A GREMAN anatomist has dissected many a human body, and declares that he has never found the soul. Astonishing! If there is a soul he surely would have discovered it. Did he find any life in the dead body? No. Of course; then there was none before the body died. Did he find any mind, any thought, any affection? No. Therefore there are no mind, no thought, no affection. The following reply has been given to the song of a nightingale. Ambitious to learn the secret of such charms and to acquire them himself, he caught the sweet singer, tore it to pieces and found to his astonishment no music.—J. E. W. Suckenberg, D. D.